The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 785.] SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1836. [Price 2*d*.

THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.
(River Front.)

FROM THE CHOSEN DESIGN, EXHIBITING AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY, CHARING CROSS.

THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

"The rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament, in the spirit which appears to animate the public at present, is an event most momentous to our reputation in fine art to all future time." * * * "We are to erect a building suitable to the dignity of this vast empire."

These are passages from the Preface to the Catalogue of the Designs now exhibiting in the National Gallery; and they plainly bespeak the high responsibility enjoined upon every person connected with the erection of the New Houses of Parliament. This has become a *question*, into the details of which we do not feel disposed to enter; our only aim being to submit to the reader the leading particulars of what has been done towards the accomplishment of the above object.

Early in the last session, Parliament invited a general competition of architects to furnish the requisite designs: a programme was framed by a joint committee of the two Houses; premiums not less than three or more than five were offered; and five judges, in the first instance, were appointed. The instructions premised that "the style of the buildings be either Gothic or Elizabethan;" but as the judges or Commissioners were aware of the difference of opinion that exists as to the date which affixes the limits to the style termed Elizabethan, even among the profession, they determined to give it the greatest latitude of which it could possibly admit. Ninety-seven plans, it appears, comprising no less than fourteen hundred drawings, were, accordingly, submitted to the Commissioners, who awarded prizes to the authors of four plans; viz., fifteen hundred pounds to the first; and five hundred pounds each to the second, third, and fourth.

The author of the first design is Mr. Charles Barry, the architect of the new church at Brighton, in the London road; and of the Travellers' Club-house, in Pall Mall. The Commissioners, in their Report to His Majesty, certify that Mr. Barry's plan bears throughout such evident marks of genius and superiority of talent as fully to entitle it to the preference they have awarded it in their classification; and they have no hesitation in giving it as their opinion, that the elevations are of an order so superior, and display so much taste and knowledge of Gothic architecture, as to leave no doubt in their minds of the author's ability to carry into effect His Majesty's commands, should he be pleased to honour Mr. Barry with his confidence.

The second prize has been awarded to Mr. J. C. Buckler; the third to Mr. D. Hamilton; and the fourth to Mr. W. Railton. The four prize designs, with the majority of the others submitted to the Commission, have for some weeks past, been exhibited in the National Gallery.

The Engraving on the preceding page shows the River Front, from Mr. Barry's design, first exhibited and adopted as "the basis upon which the New Houses are to be erected." This design differs materially from the one published in the *Athenæum*, on May 21, which was drawn by Mr. Barry expressly for that work. From this authentic source, we may be permitted to state the main dimensions of the buildings, which, it is proposed, should cover a space of about six acres, exclusive of that occupied by Westminster Hall and the Law Courts. The Eastern or River Front, will be about two-thirds the whole length of Westminster Bridge, and will occupy 870 feet in length, of course, on the left bank of the Thames. "The South Front is 340 feet long, and extends westward as far as the line of the eastern flank of Westminster Hall. The front to Old Palace Yard reaches up to an extension of the effective length of the Hall itself, and is 410 feet long. Westminster Hall, with its adjuncts, and the Law Courts lying before it, occupy a further length on the west side of the site of 330 feet. The north end of the Law Courts, that end of Westminster Hall, and a portion of the New Buildings at the Commons' end, and embracing the Commons' entrance, occupy a length of 300 feet up to the return Northward of the West Front to New Palace Yard, which is 180 feet long, and from the north-west angle of which to the north-east angle of the River Front, the length is 200 feet."

To this outline may be added the architect's intentions in the composition of the design, and in the arrangement of the parts, as explained by him, and submitted with his design in the general competition.*

"In this design, the architect has thought it desirable to incorporate the entire establishment of the Houses of Parliament, the Courts of Law, and Westminster Hall, in one edifice, as being most conducive to internal convenience and economy, and to the grandeur and importance of the exterior. It has been his aim to avoid the Ecclesiastical, Collegiate, Castellated, and Domestic styles, and to select that which he considers better suited to the peculiar appropriation of the building.

"The line of frontage towards the river, drawn from the extremities of the bent line shown on the Official Plan, is adopted for the purpose—firstly, of obtaining the greatest possible extent of elevation; secondly, of placing the front of the two buildings, as nearly as possible at right angles with Westminster Bridge; and thirdly, of making a

* It should have been stated that to insure candour, the designs were submitted to the Commissioners without a name, and were known only by the particular marks which the authors had adopted. Thus, Mr. Barry's design was marked 64, with the emblem of a portcullis.

more agreeable continuation of the proposed line of embankment above and below Bridge, and one that will be more convenient for the navigation of the river.

"The River Front and Terrace are made to abut upon the Thames for the sake of effect, and for the purpose of enlarging the two Palace Yards, in which are placed the entrances to the two Houses respectively. By this arrangement, the whole of the required accommodation is obtained, without occupying the ground east of Abingdon-street, coloured brown in the Official Plan.

"The elevation towards the river, is proposed to be made as lofty as is consistent with internal convenience, in order to present an imposing appearance from the Bridge, and to shut out the present view of the Hall and adjoining buildings, which, seen from that elevated position, appear objectionably low. It is also made to extend across the East end of New Palace Yard, in order to form with the North front of the Hall and other buildings, a quadrangle which shall be free from the annoyance of drafts of wind from the river.

"The elevation towards the two Palace Yards is made as lofty as possible, without diminishing the importance of the Hall, which, in the opinion of the architect, should in those situations be considered the principal feature of the design.

"The Terrace is intended to be appropriated to the exclusive use of the Speaker, and the Members of both Houses, for air and exercise, and for the purpose of entering and retiring from their respective Houses, in private, by water.

"The Approaches for the King, the Members of both Houses, the Public, the Clerks, and other officers are so arranged, as to be wholly independent of each other, with the means of making them entirely or partially in communication.

"The King's Tower is made a principal feature of the design, and is intended to group with the Abbey, and give due importance to the Parliamentary Buildings, when contrasted with that enormous structure. The upper stories of this tower will form the most commodious and secure depositories for valuable public records, and the lower portion will be occupied by the King's State Entrance, to which the architect has thought it desirable to give a great degree of grandeur and effect. With this view, it is proposed, that on occasions of the King's visit to the House, the Royal and other State Carriages should drive into the Tower, turn round the pillar within it to the left, set down at the foot of the Royal Staircase, and make their exit through the gateway in the South Flank.

"The principal story is on a level throughout with the old floor of St. Stephen's Chapel.

"The two Houses are placed as nearly as possible in the centre of the whole mass of buildings, this being considered the position best adapted for communication with each other, and with their respective offices and accommodations; for easy access from the various entrances and approaches, public and private; for security from noise and disturbance; for allowing their form and size to be exactly fitted to the wants of each House; for the purposes of lighting, warming, and ventilating them in the most convenient manner; and for making any modifications or alterations in them which may be thought desirable, without deranging the general plan and elevation.

"To give every facility for lighting, warming, and ventilating the Houses, they are carried up much above the surrounding buildings, and will have no rooms or chambers above or beneath them, except such as may be necessary for the purposes alluded to.

"It has been the aim of the architect to reduce the size of both Houses within the narrowest possible limits, compatible with the required accommodations, and to give them that form and arrangement which will afford the greatest number of sittings in the smallest space, bring the members nearest to each other, and to the Speaker, and be the most convenient for carrying on the ordinary routine of business.

"The Reporters are placed at the Bar end of each House, not much above the level of the floor, and at such a distance from the most remote seats, as will enable them to see and hear with distinctness, every thing that transpires.

"All the Galleries, required by the instructions, have separate entrances and retiring rooms.

"In the House of Commons, two rows of seats under the Galleries, with a private passage of communication, are provided for Peers and distinguished visiters, who, by this arrangement, will be effectually separated from the seats appropriated to Members, and will be so placed as to see and hear with great facility, without the possibility of their mixing with Members during divisions.

"The architect has thought it proper to avoid placing any Members' seats under Galleries, as well as any seats whatever behind either the Woolsack or the Speaker's Chair. External corridors, connected with the several gangways to the Members' seats and their private lobbies, free from public approach or interruption, and well lighted and ventilated, are arranged on either side of each House, so that the whole number of seats may be filled or vacated in a very short space of time, if required.

"A passage is provided from the corridors to the Bar, so that Members, who may wish to appear at the bar with petitions, or on

other business, may do so without interruption from persons in the public lobby.

"The entrances to the Members' Galleries are in their private lobby, and an exit, when required, is provided into the public staircases.

"The Libraries and Committee Rooms of each House are placed towards the river, for the convenience of light, and freedom from noise and disturbance, and the former are so arranged on the principal floor as to be *en suite*, with the power of extending them at pleasure, by including the adjoining Committee Rooms.

"The principal public approach to the Committee Rooms is by a broad flight of steps leading directly from the Central Hall to a large waiting-room on the first floor towards the river, from which there is direct and immediate access to the Committee Rooms of each House, and to the offices connected with them. When the Houses commence their sittings, and the daily business is at an end, the public may retire either by the principal staircase above mentioned, or, (if it should be thought more desirable,) by that immediately adjoining, and appropriated to their exclusive use, which leads to St. Stephen's Crypt and Westminster Hall.

"The Members and Officers attending Committees may go or return by private staircases communicating with their respective houses and offices.

"The arrangements of the plan admit of private access at all times, if desired, for the Members of each House to their respective libraries, committee-rooms, refreshment-rooms, and offices.

"The whole of the official residences have separate external entrances and staircases. The principal floor of that for the Speaker, is expressly arranged either for state levees or dinners. All these residences have direct communication with the principal floor of the building.

"To provide against extensive injury from a recurrence of accidents by fire, it is proposed to build the entire edifice upon a fire-proof principle, and to shut off all communications with the private residences, by iron doors set in thick party-walls.

"St. Stephen's Chapel, the Crypt, and Cloisters, are proposed to be restored; Westminster Hall to be preserved in its present state, with the exception of the removal of the present south window into the new south wall of the porch at that end of the Hall, to be called St. Stephen's Porch, and forming the opening thus created into an entrance archway to the porch alluded to: thus, the proportions of the Hall, its main walls, roof, &c., will remain untouched. A new exterior is proposed for the Law Court buildings; but it is not intended to interfere in the smallest degree, with the Courts themselves. Finally, it may be proper to mention, that the plans are so arranged, that the new Houses, and their contiguous lobbies, staircases and approaches, may be completed sufficiently for use, without interfering with the present temporary houses and their appurtenances."

Little has yet been written by way of strict criticism of Mr. Barry's design, which, it must be remembered, is but recognised by the Commissioners as "the basis" of the New Houses of Parliament, and cannot, therefore, be received as the precise plan. In the paper* accompanying the *Athenæum* plate, the arrangement of the buildings is but considered as a mere sketch; so that it may be but little like that of either the exhibited or the published design.

The justness of the decision with regard to Mr. Barry's design appears to be almost universally acknowledged. To ourselves, it presents itself, as a whole, incomparably superior to every one of the other designs; and we believe this to be the opinion of the great majority of persons who have visited the Exhibition at the National Gallery. To the details, many objections have been made; even by the *Athenæum* critic, to the amended design in that work.

A writer in the *Architectural Magazine* for the present month, considers Mr. Barry's design to possess the "characteristics of Gothic architecture, particularly in the interiors. If a fault can be found, perhaps the River Front requires more variety in its general outline; for, it must be remembered, it will be a very extensive façade, and one that will become, after one general view, monotonous, and very unsatisfactory to the eye, from its extreme simplicity. The west front is infinitely better. The north and south fronts are very beautiful, particularly the south front, with the increased decoration of Westminster Hall, and its increased length. The interiors are highly decorated, and a true spirit of Gothic architecture pervades the whole."

The *Gentleman's Magazine* for the present month, contains a paper on the prize designs, which is too important to be passed over unnoticed. The writer commences by noticing the alterations in Mr. Barry's design, under the judicious superintendence of the Commissioners, by which the plan has been brought into admirable harmony, "combining with beauty and elegance of arrangement the utmost convenience and accommodation." He raises nearly the same objection to the monotony of the river front, as is made in the *Architectural Magazine*, and remarks, "the want of a marked centre is particularly appa-

* Understood to be by Mr. Hosking, the writer of the article "Architecture," in the Encyclopædia Britannica.

rent." He objects also to the concealment of St. Stephen's Chapel, and Westminster Hall, by the western and northern fronts; and especially to the alteration of the south front of the Hall, by removing the windows, and occupying its place with an open arch of entrance. Judging from the detail, this critic condemns the luxuriant profusion of ornament throughout the entire design, as, in no respect, in the spirit of the Gothic style. As a specimen, he points to the panels of the river front; and, after admitting that the whole pile has many of the appropriate ornaments of English Gothic architecture, he complains of these features not being perfect and in full proportion. "Breadth it possesses, but it wants height to give it a Gothic character; it is, in fact, a Grecian design, overlaid with Gothic ornament." He condemns the tower over the King's entrance as more heavy and preposterous than anything imaginable in architecture. "Notwithstanding the great height of the design, the vast bulk makes it appear to want altitude, and the turrets at the angles, from the same cause, seem too small for the general design." It will, however, be seen that most of this writer's judicious objections have been removed by Mr. Barry's alterations in the Athenæum print.

Among these is the removal of the whole structure further south from Westminster Bridge, carrying it, at the other end, about half-way up Abingdon-street. The Clock Tower is also altered, and the Athenæum critic thinks not improved, by the addition of a spire. In the elevation, a greater degree of pre-eminence has been given to the centres, a vast quantity of the paneling omitted, and pinnacles have been introduced along the entire parapet. "The Royal Entrance is so large in its proportions that we are almost afraid to specify its dimensions; but as Mr. Barry has already stated, that the King's state-carriage, with its eight horses, is to drive into it, and around a huge pier in its centre, it will not be surprising to learn that it is a square, within the walls, whose sides are greater than the span of Westminster Hall; from out to out, indeed, of its angular turrets, it is a hundred feet square. This tower it is now contemplated to carry to the enormous height of three hundred feet, or fully five-sixths the height to the top of the cross of St. Paul's Cathedral."—(*Athenæum.*) These alterations, and others too numerous to describe here, appear to have been introduced with the view of removing the Grecian character of the elevation. "It is evident that this obvious defect in the architecture of Mr. Barry's edifice, has excited attention; but very extensive alterations must still be made, before it will assume the true character of a Gothic design."—(*Gentleman's Magazine.*)

From the Second Report of the Select Parliamentary Committee, it appears that after adopting alterations and omissions not inconsistent with its character and object, the expense of the whole building may be expected to amount to 724,984*l.*, including 14 per cent. to cover contingent charges, and any probable change in the value of materials; to which must be added about 60,000*l.* for the purchase of ground in Abingdon Street, rendered necessary for the elongation of the building, as now proposed; and 30,000*l.* for fittings and fixtures; making a total of 814,984*l.*

This may strike the reader as a vast sum; but the occasion is worthy of the outlay; for, as well observed in the *Spectator*, "this is the first time since St. Paul's was erected, that we have got a large, public building worthy of its purpose: let us not spoil it for the saving of money. It will take several years to complete, so that the outlay will be gradual. The people will not feel it, and sure we are they will not grudge it."

MONODY ON YOUTH.

WHILE the light thine eye is leaving in
A glory calm and still,
Sit in the summer evening
Upon the sunny hill;
And childhood shall come back to thee
From the orient where it strays;
And the first mild dawn of memory
Relume thine infant days.

That breast shall beat to love thee
On whose softness thou wert laid;
And the aspen shake above thee
As when playing in its shade:
Again thy sylvan sister deck
Thy gay green cap with flow'rs;
And lead thee forth by wood and lake
In springtide's heavenliest hours.

With tiny steps didst haste to make
Earth's wonders all thine own—
The fishes' strange life in the lake,
And how the trees had grown
Till the cruel hawks who scatter death
'Mong the songsters of the air,
Paused, midway in their skyey path,
To build and nestle there.

Garlands of every hue didst gain,
Clamb'ring o'er rock and rill;—
Glimpses of ocean's endless plain
Catch from some homeward hill;
And in glad wonder on its brow,
Musing when day was done,
Thy soul did then—but not as now—
Pursue the setting sun

Till space grew void—and thou didst ask
What men could tell of time;
And pleasant was thy nightly task
To ascend that stream sublime;
For sages, heroes, beauties shrin'd
In ever-living song,
Became familiars of thy mind,
And charm'd thy bark along.

And thou would'st have their life renew'd
Thro' glorious times to come;
Making of man, a demigod—
Of earth, Elysium;

Nay, tho' the world abandoned thee,
No less should it be thine,
Apart, in lone felicity,
To lead the life divine.

While God sat o'er thee for thy guard,
And made his light thy guide,
Tho' weak thy steps, and thy path hard—
What evil could betide?
If storms or spleams too rudely rock
This cradle of the soul,
She'll rise in freedom from the shock,
And gain the wish'd for goal.

But human thoughts that loftiest fly
Bear trace of lowly birth:
The vault of heaven, though arch'd so high,
Rests on the verge of earth.
Strive not the starry cope to win,
But build thee a dove's nest;
So Paradise shall centre in
One fair and faithful breast.

And thus 'mid flow'rs, and songs, and smiles,
Delightedly would'st dwell,
Needing no other heaven—the wiles
Of earth charmed thee so well,
The brightest star had been too small
A gift to grace thy love;
And yet a shroud was cast o'er all
But that which lives above.

Death reign'd—and in thine Eden-home
The fair, the bright, the high,
Seem'd spectres false, proceeding from
A phantom earth and sky.
Yet repine not that Heaven's behest
With thy fond will at strife,
Th' apple of knowledge let thee taste,
But kept the fruit of life.

For one fallen bud that worms consume,
A myriad deck the tree,
And thus a world of living bloom
Survives—but not for thee;
Or why, when Nature smiles elate,
And Life doth laugh and sing,
Might not a thousand summers mate
The splendour of one spring?

Gone are the guardian graces
Of childhood's faery day;
"The old familiar faces"
Have been "changed and sent away:"
From the skies they bend their gaze profound
On thy steps, and call thee forth,
Bidding thee to bright homes beyond
The shadow of the earth.

For as the blue heaven changes not
When veil'd to earth and sea,—
So, tho' from our o'erclouded thought
The Forms of beauty flee,—
Confirm'd in its eternal reign
The Power doth reside;
Love, truth, faith, beauty, all remain
That ever did abide.*

The spirits of the glittering dawn
Whose path was always bright,
When day fails, should sail back upon
The ebbing tide of light:
And thither heart and eye shall turn,
Altho' life's downward flight
'Neath the darkness of Death's wing be borne
To everlasting night.

Stranger! if yet unperished,
Thy gentle mind retain
The love and hope first cherish'd,
Then wilt thou not refrain
From gladdening and grieving in
His mem'ries good and ill,
That, in the summer evening,
Peopled the sunny hill. H.

* Quicquid amavimus, quicquid mirati sumus, . . . manet, mansurumque est in æternitate temporum.—*Tacitus, Vit. Agr., in fine.*

The Naturalist.

NOTES ON SOME MODERN NATURAL HISTORY WORKS.

(*Continued from* vol. xxvii. *page* 307.)

12. POPULAR ZOOLOGY, OR MEMOIRS AND ANECDOTES OF THE ANIMALS IN THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S MENAGERIE.

Persons visiting the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, should take this book with them as a useful companion. It is of a convenient pocket-size, and contains descriptions of 213 species, and 109 illustrations, including views in the Gardens. The majority of the zoological cuts convey tolerably true notions of their living originals. The editor of it justly observes that "most of the zoological books at present used in schools are disgraced by figures (usually copied from bad prints) which, in many instances, are unlike the animals for which they are intended, and all others known to naturalists;" and that "it would be better to have no prints than such as convey an erroneous idea of what they profess to represent." Yet, he and others may take a useful hint from the following observations in the *Magazine of Natural History*:—"At this day, surely, a figure of an elephant is less desirable than sectional figures of its trunk, and of the lobulate divisions of its foot, &c. In the feline race, too, pictures of the lion, tiger, &c., are needless, and almost useless: not so would be cuts exhibitive of their prehensive capacity of talon, and of jaw, and of their power of dental execution. In the beaver, let the peculiarities of the incisor teeth, and the extraordinary structure of the tail, be especially illustrated; and of some peculiarity of structure in every species of animal whose habits of life are in the least peculiar. Among the bills, talons, legs, wings, &c., of birds, much of this kind of illustration would prove delightfully assistant to the memory, in preserving a recollection of the habits and manners of the various species or genera to which these peculiarities of structure might belong." The two volumes of the Menageries, published in the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, are books illustrated in the manner here advocated.

Otter, (p. xxi.)—"One of them having landed a fish, he immediately began to devour the head and shoulders, rejecting all below the middle."

Perhaps, the rejected parts might prove noxious to the animal, which may instinctively avoid it. Certain parts of particular species of fish, and the whole of others, are said to be dangerous even to ourselves.

Pennant says that the roe of the barbel, (*Cyprinus barbus,*) "is very noxious, affecting those who unwarily eat of it with a nausea, vomiting, purging, and a slight swelling."—(*Brit. Zool.*, vol. iii., p. 305.) The flesh of the shals, (*Cynodontes,*) of Senegal, is said to be dangerous, and also the flesh of the *Gynodontes* at certain seasons. The occasional nature of muscles, cockles, &c., probably acquired, will perhaps occur to some of our readers; though these are not fish, but mollusca.

Animals descending trees head foremost.—The coatimondis, (*Nasua fusca,*) "do not descend a tree backwards, like most other animals; but come down head foremost, hooking with their hinder claws, which they have the extraordinary faculty of reversing to a great extent."—(p. 20.)

A similar habit and faculty presents itself among certain birds. Before we instance, let us observe that we suppose, whether rightly or not is doubtful, that, by the hinder claws of the coatimondi, merely the claws on the hind legs are meant, and not any claws distinguished from their being placed hindmost on a foot, while other claws on the same foot are placed forwards, which relation constitutes the distinction of the hind claws of birds from the front ones. So that we infer that what are here called the hinder claws of the coatimondi are, in reality, in the front of the hinder legs. Now, the zygodactylic birds can reverse their outer front claw, so as to help the hinder one in opposing the pressure of the other two front claws; and the anisodactylic birds can reverse the interior front claw, so that it and the hind claw oppose the other two front claws; and such of these as are tree-birds are thus enabled to run either up or down a tree head foremost, in performing which feat the tree-creeper, (*Certhia familiaris,*) a bird belonging to this kind, may be frequently seen in any of our woods and parks. The outward front toe of the osprey, (*Falco Haliætus,*) and of other birds which pounce down upon fish in the waters, and seize them in their claws, is reversable, so as to assist the hind toe in grasping the prey on one side, while the two before do the same on the other. On the other hand, instead of reversing a front claw, the fissirostral birds are capable of reversing their hind claw to the position of the three front claws.

Animals swallowing hard substances.—"In its food, the tapir is even less choice than the hog, and when pressed by hunger will devour whatever it can seize. D'Azara found in the stomach of a tapir a large quantity of a nitrous kind of earth called barrero; and M. Roulin states that the stomachs of those which are killed in their native forests are usually filled with pieces of wood, clay, small stones, and bones. * * * * It has even been known to swallow metal."—(p. 42.)

The latter observation we suppose alludes to D'Azara's statement that his domesticated tapir swallowed his silver snuff-box. It is said that a man, Francis Bathalia, used to swallow flints, and then pass them reduced to sand, at the expiration of a week; but how did he grind them? is a question to be answered before we can give him credit for such a power.

The pangolin, (*Manis pentadactyla,*) which feeds on insects, swallows pebbles.

In the *Morning Chronicle* of Sept. 19, 1833, it is stated, that on the previous Friday, the elephant at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, seized and swallowed a lady's reticule, containing not only a ten-pound note, but some hard money and a bunch of keys; but this statement, like a vast number of others published in the newspapers, respecting animals and plants, is probably untrue.

Seals and the South American alligator are said to swallow stones, and the Indians on the banks of the Oroonoko assert, according to the author of *Recollections of Venezuela*, that before the latter animal goes in search of prey, it always swallows a large stone, that by making itself heavier, it may be better able to dive and immerse its prey; and this writer, an officer in the Colombian navy, also states that Bolivar shot several alligators, in the stomachs of all of which were found stones varying in weight according to the animal's size, a stone weighing from sixty to seventy pounds being found in an alligator of about seventeen feet in length.

Were we to mention the hard substances that birds have been forced to swallow by way of experiments, and the results of these, we might fill several columns from the works of Spallanzani, Reaumur, Redi, Magalotti, &c.

The American ostrich, (*Rhea Nandu,*) swallows, of its own accord, stones and other hard bodies, which, according to Sir Everard Home, must force their way into the gizzard; "because the orifice leading from the gizzard is so very narrow, that nothing can pass out of it that has not been reduced to a small size."—(*Comparative Anatomy*, i., 205.) The African ostrich, (*Struthio camelus,*) also swallows hard substances, and in a specimen examined by the above celebrated anatomist, stones of various sizes, pieces of iron, and halfpence, were found in the cardiac cavity, where, he says, all such substances must remain, both from its being the most depending part, and from the cavity of the gizzard being too small to admit their entering it."—Montbeillard supposes that the ostrich swallows hard substances as ballast for its body when running.

Sir Joseph Banks informed Sir Everard Home that "while he was visiting the mena-

gerie at the Cape of Good Hope, he was much astonished to see a cassowary, (*Casuarius,*) which was feeding very voraciously on fruits, void a large quantity of stones, some of them of considerable size."

Selby states that the stone-curlew, (*Œdicnimus crepitans,*) swallows small, flinty pebbles, probably with a view "to assist the folds of the stomach in acting upon the hard, shelly covering of its prey," which is chiefly beetles of the genus *Carabus*.

The Rev. W. Herbert says, that "the whinchat, (*Rubetra migratoria.*) in confinement, will sometimes swallow stones as large as swan-shot, which pass through them very soon: but he seems to eat them like a fool, taking them for victuals, in the same manner as I have seen tame redstarts, (*Rubecula arborea*, Blyth,) which do not naturally choose vegetable food, swallow green peas, after passing several minutes in trying to kill them. But these birds have the power of expectorating the shells and hard parts of insects which they cannot digest, throwing them off in little oval balls."

Most, if not all, of the gallinaceous birds swallow stones of their own accord, for the supposed purpose of assisting the gizzard in grinding the food; but this supposition is rendered doubtful from the fact that the superior strength of the gizzard even breaks and pulverizes glass and hard pebbles.

Colonel Montagu mentions some half-grown ducks, which died from having swallowed so great a quantity of gravel as to fill the gizzard, the crop, and the gullet.—(*Ornithological Dictionary*, 2nd edit., p. 498.)

Kirby and Spence state that Mr. Charles Miller discovered lead in the stomach of *Cerambyx bajulus*, one of the lamellicorn beetles, which does material injury to the lead-work of houses by piercing any sheet of the metal that may happen to be in its way, when endeavouring to escape through the roof.

Hogs, (p. 73.)—"In Cuba, hogs are as large again as the European stock; in Cubagna, they have degenerated into an extraordinary race with toes half a span long. The Chinese have shorter legs, and the back arched, without any mane. A variety is not uncommon in Sweden and Hungary, with an undivided foot, and was known to the ancients, as well as that with five toes."

These are not so extraordinary as the breed of pigs in the Tanjore country with only two legs, the hind pair being quite wanting.—(See *Mirror*, vol. xxvi., p. 248.)

Beaver, (p. 86.)—In the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, it is observed by Dr. Hancock, that it would have been much better, if, instead of the beavers in the Zoological Society's Gardens having their houses built for them, they had been permitted to build them themselves, as then the display of their extraordinary ingenuity in this way would have had the effect of converting those who may be disposed to doubt that they possess it. Late accounts from Canada state, that there, the beaver, owing, perhaps, to the interruptions it receives from the settlers, no longer constructs his curious huts, but burrows in the river's bank.

Cats without tails, (p. 124.)—"The tailless cat is an hereditary variety without any visible tail. Dr. Anderson relates that a cat belonging to Dr. Coventry, Professor of Agriculture in Edinburgh, had no blemish at its birth, but lost its tail by accident when it was young. This cat had many litters of kittens, and in every litter there was one or more that wanted the tail, either wholly or in part. It is not uncommon in Cornwall. Dr. Leach received one from the Isle of Wight."

Many instances of cats without tails have been published in the *Magazine of Natural History*.

Popular Antiquities.

WHITEHALL PALACE.

At the time of writing the illustrated historical outline of Whitehall Palace, (*Mirror*, vol. xxv., p. 64,) we were not aware that some not insignificant traces of this splendid edifice yet remain. We have since arrived at the knowledge of this interesting fact by a letter from Sydney Smirke, Esq., F.S.A., read before the Society of Antiquaries, January 26, 1832, and printed in the *Archæologia*, vol. xxv., part 1. The relic to which Mr. Smirke directs attention is the basement of a house at Whitehall-yard, commonly called Cromwell House, (engraved in the *Mirror*, (vol. ii., p. 305,) which basement, Mr. Smirke thinks, may, with some confidence, be pronounced to be the work of Cardinal Wolsey.

Wolsey, no doubt, built extensively at Whitehall: it is not to be supposed that the ancient residence of his simpler predecessors would satisfy the love of pomp, or even the bare wants of that prelate, and his splendid establishment; but that Henry, who followed him, built most extensive and magnificent additions, is abundantly proved by the preamble of the Act of Parliament, by which he took Whitehall into the bounds of the Royal Palace of Westminster. The palace that sprang from the architectural efforts of these great builders appears to have been surprisingly extensive. A plan of it is engraved by Vertue, from a survey made of it in 1680; and the space it there covers, including, of course, many courtyards and areas, is upwards of twenty-three acres. A more distinct idea may be formed of this extent by comparing it with that of other known buildings. The King of Naples's Palace, at Caserta, covers about twelve or

Pl. xi - 197.

thirteen acres; Hampton Court Palace, about eight or nine; St. James's Palace, about four; Buckingham Palace, between two and a half. The new palace designed by Inigo Jones to be built at Whitehall, would have covered nearly twenty-four acres.

During the long period of its occupancy by the Archbishops, this palace was known as York Place; but Henry changed its name, possibly from some new buildings having been constructed by him of stone, at a time when bricks and timber were in more general use; though, the "White Hall" was a name not unfrequently given by our ancestors to the festive halls of their habitations: there was a Whitehall at Kenilworth, and the Hall formerly the House of Lords was the Whitehall of the Royal Palace of Westminster, and is so called by Stow.

The fires in 1691 and 1698, and the gradual inroads of improvement have nearly obliterated this regal structure. Of the more modern part, the only remnant is the admired work of Inigo Jones; but of the ancient palace, the subject of Mr. Smirke's letter is the only important vestige.

This structure consists of an extensive apartment, groined in a massive and substantial style, and built of solid masonry: it now forms the basement story of the house above designated, in which have recently been deposited certain records of the Exchequer Court, and other legal documents. That it was included in that part of the palace which was appropriated to Cromwell, may be readily inferred from its present name; but that it was not built by him, is rendered obvious by its style of design, which is very distinctly that Gothic, which is usually called the Tudor style.

On the plan referred to, of the palace in Charles the Second's time, this building coincides exactly with what is there termed "the Wine Cellar," and closely adjoins the old Hall; its ample dimensions fully confirm the accounts that are handed down to us of the profuse magnificence of the Cardinal's domestic establishment. The vaulted ceiling must have supported the floor of some state apartment of considerable size, in connexion with the Great Hall. In our description of the Palace, already referred to, we noticed the large proportion of "the Wine Cellar," in Vertue's plan, where it exceeds the chapel in size.

By a section in Mr. Smirke's plan of the structure in question, it appears that the present pavement is upwards of five feet above the original level, as Mr. Smirke has ascertained by excavation. This alteration, no doubt, had been found necessary on converting the ancient structure to its present purpose of servants' offices; for the floor is even now scarcely out of the reach of spring tides, and would, therefore, at its former level, have frequently been under water, a liability which must indeed have rendered it but an indifferent place of deposit for wine.

Mr. Smirke here adds, that the dampness in the foundations of all the houses about Whitehall is no new complaint. Pepys, in his *Memoirs*, alludes to a high tide, in 1663, having drowned the whole palace. Indeed, from the following passage in Charles's speech, delivered when he received the Lords and Commons in the Banquetting Hall, on his restoration, we may infer that the river was then far less restrained in its course than at present:—"The mention of my wife's arrival puts me in mind to desire you to put that compliment upon her that her entrance into the town may be with more decency than the ways will now suffer it to be; and to that purpose I pray you would quickly pass such laws as are before you, in order to the mending those ways, and *that she may not find Whitehall surrounded with water.*"

(Head of a Door-way of the ancient palace of Whitehall.)

The above Cut represents a doorway in good preservation, which was the principal entrance into this cellar, and which appears, by the plan illustrating Mr. Smirke's paper, to have led into it from a passage intervening between the cellar and hall. Mr. Smirke at first imagined that this doorway might have been a river entrance into the palace, and that these vaulted cellars were formerly a hall of entrance, under the principal apartments; but the discovery that the original floor of the cellars was so much below the threshold of this doorway makes the supposition inadmissible.

This arched doorway has all the characters of the Tudor period: the arch is flat, and contained within a square architrave, formed chiefly of a large, bold hollow: in the spandrels are shields; that on the left bears a simple cross, with the ends slightly diverging; the other, on the right, is much effaced by time, having been executed in a soft sandstone; but, after repeated and close examination, Mr. Smirke is inclined to believe that it bore the arms of the see of York, impaled with those of Wolsey. From Mr. Willement, the well-known heraldic artist, Mr. Smirke has learned, that on one of the bosses of the vaultings to the archway of

Christchurch Gate, Canterbury,* is a shield with exactly the same arms impaled.

The only other remains of this palace, that Mr. Smirke is acquainted with, are, a part of the river wall, in which some of the circular bastions are distinguishable; a few fragments of other walls of no importance, and a more considerable fragment in which occur two stone mullioned windows of Tudor architecture, at the back of the Almonry office: this wall coincides, Mr. Smirke thinks, with the back wall of the apartments of the "Yeomen of the Wood-yard," as shown on Vertue's plan: Mr. Smirke adds, that some old walls, forming, at present, part of the Treasury Buildings, are, no doubt, the remains of some of Henry's additions to this palace.

Some years ago, many bones were dug up in Whitehall-yard, and the belief was then prevalent that a murdered body had been found; but the bones were too numerous for such a supposition. The chapel appears, by Vertue's plan, to have been very near the spot where these bones were found; wherefore, it is highly probable that they had been duly deposited in sacred ground, although time has obliterated all record of its sanctity.

Mr. Smirke concludes by calling the attention of the Society of Antiquaries to these few relics of a building of such historical interest as Whitehall Palace: he also pays a just tribute to His Majesty's Surveyor-General, who "has ever shown a degree of anxiety to rescue and preserve the remains of venerable art, which deserves the warmest thanks of every artist and antiquary."

* Engraved in the Mirror, vol. xxiv., p. 116.

The Sketch-Book.

THE DISAPPOINTED BACHELOR.

(*From the New-York Mirror.*)

However villages may differ in size and appearance, men and manners, all are alike in one respect. All have their *heroes*; every group of sixteen houses has its *hero*. By a *hero*, I mean not the greatest, strongest, or wisest man in the village; not he who has the greatest or most salutary influence over the inhabitants, but he whom all notice, whom all talk about, whose affairs are descanted upon by the politician and the ploughman, the matron and the maid. There is but one hero in a village, and in Sanderville this was Anthony Sanders. His father, who had borne the title of Squire Sanders, and in honour of whose great-grandfather the village had been named, had long since died, leaving Anthony sole heir of his domains and successor in his business; which was that of vending wares of various kinds, after the manner of a country store. Heroes should be described—both person and character; my *hero* and the *hero* of Sanderville was a *little* man, in every sense of the word; his height did not exceed five feet four inches, his person was extremely thin and skeleton-like, surmounted by broad, huge shoulders, presenting an appearance which rendered it doubtful whether he was not deformed, and the lads (saucy fellows) who had just opened their Shakspeares, were wont to whisper "King Dick" as he passed. He had no neck, but near the top of his shoulders, inclining forward, was situated a head, quite large, and of strange developement; a wonder in the science of "bumpology," and a puzzle (I doubt not) for a learned disciple of Spurzheim. In his face there was nothing remarkable, save its utter vacuity; whether the fires of genius sparkled in his eyes, none knew for they were almost entirely concealed by drooping lids and shaggy brows. His mind never roamed beyond the precincts of the village—never soared above the height of its church spire; the idea of fame and glory had never entered his head; dealing in sixpences was his appropriate sphere. He had no familiar acquaintances or friends; never associated with the young gentlemen, never spoke to the young ladies, and never looked at them in church. Strange *hero*, you say, but he was the *hero* of Sanderville; all talking about him. The old ladies would give a sly wink as they told their daughters that whoever was so lucky as to win Anthony Sanders, would win a fortune; the old gentlemen would response, "Yes, Mr. Sanders will die a rich man." The young beaux laughed at the old beau (for he was a little on "the shady side" of fifty) and wished for his money to make a *dash*; the girls wondered why he did not get married, and why he never noticed them.

It was a Saturday in summer. The old stage-coach wheeled into the village of Sanderville, and halted at Mrs. Allen's door. Soon was the news spread from one end of the village to the other, and echoing from mouth to mouth was heard, "Miss Lucy Dufay is in town;" "Mrs. Allen's niece has arrived;" and the responses, "Have you seen her? I wonder how she looks!" "Is she pretty?" soon followed. To satisfy their curiosity and answer their questions, all repaired to church at an early hour on the following morning; and eagerly were all eyes turned to the entrance doors, to see when Miss Dufay should enter with her aunt. At length Mrs. Allen entered, followed by a young lady, apparently eighteen, of a slight though rather tall figure, neatly dressed in white; a small gipsy carelessly tied, displayed to good advantage rosy cheeks, laughing eyes of blue, and playful curls of light brown hair. This was Lucy Dufay; and as she took her seat, the uneasy and jealous

glances of the young ladies, and the prolonged gaze of the young gentlemen, told that they thought her (as the young ladies feared she would be) very pretty. Anthony Sanders' pew was next to Mrs. Allen's, and he was observed to cast two side-way glances at Miss Dufay during the morning service.

Two weeks after Miss Dufay's arrival saw Mr. Sanders at Mrs. Allen's door. He was ushered into the parlour where the ladies were present. Miss Dufay was introduced. He talked to Mrs. Allen upon village affairs; and the inexpediency of the projected application to the next legislature for a bank. He asked Miss Dufay how she liked the village, how long she intended staying with her aunt, and a few other questions of minor importance; then, with a wonderful flourish of hands and head, he bade them "good night," and departed.

Once in two weeks, regularly, Anthony was at Mrs. Allen's door, and in her parlour; he had always some excuse to offer, and thus answer the questions, and silence (if possible) the suspicions of the village. Sometimes it was altogether a matter of chance; "he was just passing, saw the parlours lighted, and thought he would step in." Sometimes he called to see Mrs. Allen on seeming business. Yet it was very strange that he should so regularly pass Mrs. Allen's, and be attracted by her parlour lamps, while her pretty niece had no attractions; very strange that he should take so deep an interest in an aunt whom he had never before visited, while the niece was wholly indifferent to him. Mrs. Allen and Lucy Dufay understood the purport of Mr. Sanders' visit.

Mr. Sanders called, Miss Lucy received him; her aunt was not in the parlour, and he made no inquiries for her. Lucy remarked it, and was pleased. "Now," thought she, "my aunt is not here to scold me for coquetry. I will have my own fun with the old bachelor. I'll get his heart to-night. He don't ask for my aunt, he's come to see me; perhaps he's been here once a fortnight enough, and is now going to make proposals. I hope so; if he does, I won't refuse him." Lucy talked and laughed, and tried to make Mr. Sanders laugh, but all to no purpose; his mind was absent—where, she knew not; perhaps, behind his counter, making the change of a shilling or calculating the price of a riband; he was all abstraction, and Lucy gave up all hopes of fun with such a genius. The evening was almost gone. He looked at his watch, (it was silver,) compared it with the clock upon the mantel-piece, thought the clock rather fast, drew his chair a little near to Miss Lucy's, passed his fingers through his hair, gave a long hem.

"Then you like our village very much, Miss Dufay?"

"Yes; I think it very pleasant."

"Do you like it better than the city?"

"I think that in time I might become quite as much attached to it."

"How long do you intend to stay in town? Will you spend the winter with your aunt?"

"I have not yet decided upon the exact length of my visit."

"Do you think you could pass your life here?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I think I could."

"What part of the village do you like best?"

"Indeed, all parts are so agreeable to me, I should be puzzled in making a selection."

"How do you like the situation of my house?"

"I think you have a delightful place."

"Will you accept it as your future residence?"

"I thank you, Mr. Sanders."

"Then I may send for Mr. Melville, the minister?"

"If you please."

"I suppose you can hardly fix the time at present, and without consulting your aunt?"

"Not the precise time. If you have no objection, I should prefer next month."

"None whatever. Then the business is almost settled," said Mr. Sanders, "and as it is rather late, I will say, good night."

"Do call often, Mr. Sanders," said Lucy, and returning to her room, sent forth a hearty laugh.

Before the week was ended, reports were numerous and flying with all possible speed, proclaiming, as they flew, that Mr. Sanders was to be married to Mrs. Allen's niece. Great was the excitement in the village; many were the circles assembled on purpose to discuss the reported wedding over the tea-table. The matrons nodded. "Yes, a great match! he was rich and prudent, she a great heiress; very likely not so great a fortune as reported — could hardly believe it. Most probable that Mr. Sanders would regret it—not probable that Lucy Dufay understood household matters—brought up in the city—had no economy—money worth nothing,—soon gone with such an extravagant wife."

Again the old post-chaise stopped at Mrs. Allen's door; and a tall, dark-haired young gentleman accompanied Mrs. Allen and Lucy to church on the next Sunday. He was a stranger in town; no one knew or mistrusted who he was. He remained in town the week, and spent almost all his time at Mrs. Allen's. He was constantly seen with Lucy Dufay; he rode with her, they walked together, they seemed old acquaintances, and wholly absorbed in each other's company. This was rather strange, and who could he be? Not a favourite beau, for Lucy was to be married to Mr. Sanders next week. Not her brother, for brother she had not; she was an only child and orphan.

Sanders called, wished to see Miss Dufay if not otherwise engaged. The stranger had just left, and Lucy was alone.

"Strange reports! unaccountable! Miss Dufay."

"What did you say, Mr. Sanders?"

"Don't like the reports, or appearances either."

"Pray, what reports? I have heard nothing new."

"Perhaps not; dare say, however, you know more about it than any one else."

"You astonish me! What can you mean? I cannot guess what you allude to. I have heard no reports but that we were soon to be married."

"Very strange! haven't been walking with a young stranger?"

"Oh, Mr. Sanders! now I can say 'very strange!' my cousin—a long-loved cousin—the same as my brother, that's all; are you satisfied?"

"Oh, cousin! thought you had no cousin; all right, ready to be married? Some few things I want to speak about beforehand; parson, fee, city style of marriage."

"That is altogether new, Mr. Sanders. I suppose, however, that you have heard of the new wedding-fashions; according to them, you stand on my left side. Do you like the custom?"

"Oh! that is of no importance; don't care on which side I stand; but the fee, what's that?"

"One of my cousins in the city gave a hundred dollars; I should think that fifty would be a very handsome fee in the country."

Mr. Sanders raised his hands—nay, opened his eyes; "hundred—fifty dollars—break a man—can't afford it—never get married."

"I beg pardon," said Lucy; "I don't know what the proportion would be for the country; it is, at least, no matter; you must know better than myself."

Mr. Sanders thought seriously of the matter; "fifty—astonishing—unheard of—must be an extravagant girl—one thing, gives up her point easily—lets me do as I please—will do something more than common—pay ten dollars—large fee, to be sure—but would never be married again, and a rich wife too—yes."

The sun rose bright and clear, and gaily shone upon the village of Sanderville. It was the wedding morn. The clock struck eight. Mrs. Allen's family were assembled in the parlour. Miss Dufay, arrayed in bridal robes, sat upon the sofa; on her left was Mr. Sanders, according to appointment; his coat neatly brushed, and his white gloves smoothly put on; on her right sat her cousin, the tall and elegant Mr. Armsby. Mr. Sanders had called on the minister, paid the ten dollar fee, and he was momentarily expected. He came. Mr. Sanders and Miss Dufay and Mr. Armsby arose; the final moment arrived; the moment of joining hands. Miss Dufay looked at Mr. Sanders (a smile of exultation was on his lips) and placed her hand in her cousin's. Mr. Sanders was chopfallen; he did not understand city customs and hundred dollar fees, and said nothing. He was in the act of being married to the wealthy Miss Dufay, the heiress; and it was of little consequence how the ceremony was performed, if it was only binding. He thought, however, that he preferred old fashions to new; he would have liked it quite as well if Lucy had given him her hand, instead of her cousin.

The ceremony was completed. Lucy and her cousin were married. The minister had pronounced them "husband and wife," when Mr. Sanders started.

"How's this! Miss Dufay?"

"How! Mr. Sanders?"

"I don't understand this, Miss Dufay."

"To whom are you speaking, Mr. Sanders?"

"I spoke to you. I don't understand—"

"Oh! to Mrs. Armsby."

"To Mrs. Armsby! What do you mean?"

"Simply what I say. I understood you to be talking to me—to Mrs. Armsby."

"But are you married to Mr. Armsby?"

"Certainly; I appeal to——"

"Mr. Melville, how's this? have you married them—Miss Dufay and he?" cried Sanders in a rage, pointing, at the same time, to Mr. Armsby, who bit his lips to restrain his laughter.

"I have—and no power on earth can separate them."

"But you promised to marry me," cried the astonished bachelor.

"I promised to marry Miss Dufay at your request; to whom, you did not mention. I have married her—pray what's the blame?"

"I paid ten dollars, and now not married. Fool!"

"Well may you say so," said Lucy, laughing.

"Miss Dufay."

"Mrs. Armsby, you mean."

"List! you promised to marry me—treat me so!"

"When, Mr. Sanders?"

"When! ask yourself—you've not forgotten."

"I never promised to marry you, Mr. Sanders."

"What! deny it—never promised! What did you say the first evening I saw you alone? didn't promise?"

"Promise to marry you! You offered me your house, and I thanked you for it. You asked if you might send for Mr. Melville, and I gave my consent."

"Heavens!" cried the old bachelor, and he could no longer restrain his rage—he stamped—"city girls and fashions—she did

promise—I know she did—curse her—heiress gone—fifty thousand dollars dead loss, and ten dollars to boot—shall pay back fee—Melville, you shall pay it back—shameful!"

A coach was at the door—Mr. and Mrs. Armsby entered it, and as they said "good-by," laughing rather than weeping prevailed throughout the company. Lucy bowed, and said good-by to Mr. Sanders; he did not deign to answer her, and the coach drove away.

Mr. Sanders is still unmarried; he has given up the game of fortune-hunting—curses the girls, city girls especially—hates city fashions—never goes to weddings, and cannot forget the ten dollar fee.

New Books.

SIR NATHANIEL WRAXALL'S MEMOIRS.

[Over and above the copious extracts from this lively work, in our last volume, we must quote a few anecdotes.]

Pitt.

Dundas was Pitt's companion, with whom he passed, not merely his convivial hours, but to whom he confided his cares and embarrassments. Dundas possessed a villa near London, at Wimbledon, where he was accustomed to repair after debates, for the purpose of sleeping out of town. Pitt, on quitting the treasury bench, used to throw himself into Dundas's post-chaise, and to accompany him. At whatever hour they arrived, they sat down to supper; never failed to drink each his bottle; and the minister found his sleep more sound, as well as more refreshing, at Wimbledon, than in Downing-street. However violent might have been the previous agitation of his mind, yet in a very few minutes after he laid his head on the pillow, he never failed to sink into profound repose. So difficult, indeed, was it to awaken him, that his valet usually shook him before he could be roused from sleep. One of his private secretaries used to affirm that no intelligence, however distressing, had power sufficient to break his rest. On that account, he never locked or bolted the door of his bed-chamber. I recollect a circumstance which took place, several years subsequent to this time;—it happened in 1796;—strongly corroborative of the above facts. Pitt having been much disturbed by a variety of painful political occurrences, drove out to pass the night with Dundas at Wimbledon. After supper, the minister withdrew to his chamber, having given his servant directions to call him at seven, on the ensuing morning. No sooner had he retired, than Dundas, conscious how much his mind stood in need of repose, repaired to his apartment, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket; at the same time enjoining the valet on no consideration to disturb his master, but to allow him to sleep as long as nature required. It is a truth that Pitt neither awoke, nor called any person, till half-past four in the afternoon of the following day; when Dundas entering his room together with his servant, found him still in so deep a sleep, that it became necessary to shake, in order to awaken him. He had slept uninterruptedly during more than sixteen hours.

Habits of George III.

During the spring of the year 1788, his majesty, who had nearly attained the age of fifty, found himself attacked by symptoms of indisposition, which his physicians pronounced to be gouty. Probably, the humour might have exhausted its force in the extremities, in the shape of gout, if his majesty had ate and drunk like almost any other private gentleman. But his natural disposition to temperance, increased by a dread of becoming corpulent, and perhaps other apprehensions, impelled him to adopt the habits of an ascetic. The most simple food, taken in very moderate quantity, constituted his repasts. Yet his German origin showed itself in his predilections:—for sour crout was one of his favourite dishes; as Handel's or Mozart's music charmed him more than that of Pergolesi, or of Paesiello. His ordinary beverage at table was only composed of a sort of lemonade, which he dignified with the name of *cup*; though a monk of La Trappe might have drunk it without any infraction of his monastic vow.

The king usually ate so little, and so rapidly, that those persons who dined with him could not satisfy their appetite, unless by continuing their meal after the sovereign had finished, which was contrary to the old etiquette. He was so sensible of this fact, and so considerate, that when he dined at Kew, without the queen, and only attended by two equerries, he always said, "Don't regard me: take your own time." One of them, an intimate friend of mine, relating to me the particulars of these repasts, which were very comfortless, observed, "We know so well how soon the king has finished, that after we sit down at table not a word is uttered. All our attention is devoted to expedition. Yet, with the best diligence we can exert, before we have half dined, his majesty has already thrown himself back in his chair, and called for his *cup*, with which he concludes his meal." Napoleon's dinners were, if possible, even less convivial, and equally brief. He, whose hours decided the fate of nations, dedicated little time to the gratifications of the table. The late Marquis Cholmondeley, who had dined with him at the "*grand couvert*" in the Tuileries, in 1802, has frequently assured me, that from

the moment they sat down, till the coffee was served, not more than forty-three or four minutes elapsed. They were then *bowed out.*

The late Earl Harcourt, who became master of the horse to Charlotte of Mecklenburg, was a nobleman of high breeding, well informed, and of a most correct deportment, though of manners somewhat constrained and formal. When he had the honour to receive and to entertain their majesties at Nuneham, on their road to visit Oxford, his countess, who was one of the ladies of the queen's bedchamber, said to him, "My lord, recollect that as soon as the king lays down his knife and fork, you must do the same. You cannot continue to eat after he has ceased." Finding, nevertheless, that Lord Harcourt either did not, or would not, attend to her injunction, she was obliged to tread on his foot, in order to accelerate his movements. The queen by no means resembled her royal consort in this respect. No woman in the kingdom enjoyed herself more at table, or manifested a nicer taste in the article of wine. In consequence of his majesty's rarely drinking even a single glass, and of his well-known indifference about its flavour or quality, he seldom had any good wine, though he paid for it the best price. During several years, the wines served at the equerries' table were very indifferent. As they did not, however, think proper to make any complaint on the subject, it might so have continued without redress, if, by accident, the Prince of Wales, while on a visit at Windsor, had not chanced to dine with them. The instant that his royal highness tasted the claret, he pronounced sentence upon it. He did more: for he informed his father of the manner in which his wine-merchant treated him. The abuse was immediately corrected.

The king was not a studious man. He neither liked books, nor sedentary occupations, nor convivial society, nor places of public diversion, if we except the theatre; nor cards, till his augmenting defect of sight compelled him sometimes to have recourse to the last-mentioned amusement. George the Third never enjoyed his existence so much as when in the open air; at times on foot; but generally on horseback; either following the hounds, which he did with great ardour; or at a review, where he was always animated; or inspecting his farms, or visiting his various improvements and embellishments round Windsor. It was his delight to mount his horse before the equerry in waiting could possibly be aware of it; often in severe or unpleasant weather, which rarely deterred him; always at an early hour. One of his equerries has assured me, that when thus surprised, he has been compelled to follow the king down Windsor Hill with scarcely time to pull up his stockings under his boots.

No place about his majesty's court or person, so long as he retained his intellect, could indeed be less of a sinecure than the office of an equerry. The appointments were very inadequate to the fatigue and exertions of the post: a fact of which the king himself was so well aware, that he used to say he had fewer applications for the employment of equerry than for any other in his donation. Returning late from his excursion on horseback, after a very short time passed in the occupation of dress, he sat down, surrounded by his family, at table. All indulgence he deprecated and avoided, as conducting to certain indisposition.

His present Majesty.

Having been destined by his father for the naval service, he had proceeded, when very young, to America and the West Indies, as a midshipman, under the superintendence of Admiral Digby. There he soon gave proof, not only of personal courage, but of ardour and capacity. No prince of England since James, Duke of York, (afterwards James the Second,) had been brought up to the sea.

Having completed about this time his twenty-third year, he expressed much impatience to be created a peer, as his elder brother, Frederic, had been on attaining to the age of majority. Independent, however, of the Duke of York's greater proximity to the throne, his majesty always felt a degree of predilection for his second son. He likewise knew or believed that the Prince of Wales possessed and exercised a great ascendant over the mind of William Henry. These motives, together with a reluctance to augment the pecuniary pressure of the royal family on the nation, induced the king to reject the importunate solicitations made to him on the subject. Mortified at the denial, and naturally anxious to perform some public part upon the great political theatre of the world, the prince determined, if he could not take his seat among the peers, at least to reach the lower house. With that view, in the anticipation of an approaching dissolution of parliament, he took measures for procuring his return, as one of the members for Totness, in the county of Devon. Probably, such an election, if it ever had taken place, would have been pronounced invalid and null by the House of Commons. But the experiment was not made. About nine months after the time of which I speak, in May 1789, George the Third created him Duke of Clarence; observing, as I have been assured, at the moment when he signed the patent, "I well know that it is another vote added to Opposition."

WOOD LEIGHTON.

By Mary Howitt.

[This is a charming work of the same class with Miss Mitford's *Our Village* and *Belford Regis*; with the introduction of three stories or petit novels. These are *set*, as it were, in some very fascinating descriptions of village scenery, which are truly refreshing by their fidelity and naturalness. These sketches are somewhat more finished than such writings usually are; but this merit is not at the expense of their reality. They have been written off amidst the woods and fields of the pretty Wood Leighton, and are the genuine impressions of *A Year in the Country*. As the stories are too long for quotation, and would be spoiled by unravelling, we have marked an extract from the more descriptive portion of the work.]

May Fair.

Whoever would see the buxom maidens and the sturdy and cordial-spirited swains of this rural district in the perfection of their jovial-heartedness and in their trimmest array, should visit Wood Leighton on the afternoon of May Fair day. The morning is devoted to the business of the fair, to the buying and selling of those herds of cattle brought thither from the whole country round; the meadows the night before being filled with them, some lying luxuriously to rest after the day's fatigue, others pasturing on the rich herbage, and others ill at ease, though in the midst of plenty, filling the air with their lowing;—and the weary-footed, dense flocks of sheep and bleating lambs that entered the town in the early morning; or of the long-tailed shaggy colts, and the huge, elephantine farm-horses that all through the morning are careered along the streets at an awkward trot, or still more awkward canter, to exhibit their action to the purchasers, to the no small peril of any daring pedestrian who might venture out on business less important than the buying one of these heavy quadrupeds—fine specimens as they are, every one of them, of what the meadows and uplands of this sweet pastoral land can produce. A wonderful thing did it seem to me, who watched all the chaffering, the pro-ing, and the con-ing, and the consequent length of time which the sale of one only of these creatures required, how all the selling and buying could be got through in so few hours—for the business was over by noon. At noon the streets were swept and the causeways washed; but long before these needful ablutions were finished, the groups who came hither for pleasure only might be seen entering the town at all its inlets. Every cottage, farm, and hamlet, for ten miles round, had sent forth its inmates in every variety of holiday guise; antiquated and picturesque habiliments many of them, but all most characteristically English, harmonising beautifully with the occasion and the whole scene, and proving moreover, whatever may be the case now, that fifty years ago our peasantry might be said to have a costume—the men, blue coats, all of precisely the same cut, horizontally striped waistcoats of yellow and brown, with blue worsted stockings;—the women, black bonnets, short red cloaks, or scarf-like ones of black mode, with a very small cape on the shoulders, and trimmed with narrow black lace, a flowered gown, and a black or green quilted petticoat. Many such dresses as these, all of the same invariable cut, might be seen, their wearers hale old people with venerable white hair and cheerful countenances, attended by their children and grand-children, a goodly company, all with eager faces set townward, as if they were impatient of the intervening streets and houses that hid the market-place from their eyes. But these pleasure-seeking people did not invariably approach the town on foot; many a vehicle as rustic and antique as the dresses we have been describing might be seen on the way, and many a cart too, bearing evident traces of less dignified employment, conveyed thither its holiday companies, seated on chairs, close-packed as could be, the whole three generations together. The town once entered, and the vehicles disposed of, all bent their way to the market-place, which was crowded with caravans and shows of every description; wild beasts; learned pigs and ponies; gigantic ladies and renowned dwarfs; fat children and living skeletons; the mountebank, the rope-dancer, and the great king of the conjurors himself, together with the theatre of mechanism, wherein was to be exhibited the *interesting* murder of Mr. Weare, with all its various details, as real as life, for the low price of one penny each; while, duly ranged among and beside these, were the booths of ribbons and trinkets, toys and sweetmeats, where the true fairings could only be bought. Oh, the innumerable attractions of this one open space! While, at the same time, placards, in red and green and blue, announced to the public at every corner that the celebrated fire-eater, who had astonished all Europe, performed his wonderful feats in one large club-room; that some French Monsieur, with an unpronounceable name, exhibited his tame, harnessed fleas, or his wonderful talking birds, in another; or that the well-known and much-admired panorama of the battle of Waterloo, or the taking of Quebec, might be seen at a third. No wonder was it that old and young, grave and gay, came trooping hither, where so much was to be seen and so much to be enjoyed: but, mercy on us! what aching eyes and muddled brains those must have been which, amid the racket and the din, the contending discords of the rival caravans—the crushing, the squeezing, the heat, and the turmoil, went

through all the wonders of the fair; or rather, if they could go unconfounded through that ordeal of sound and sight, there was nothing that could ever distract them afterwards.

A great delight was it to me to stand a looker on, and to see the happy children, each with its fairing in hand; a little wooden horse, spotted black and white, with rabbit-skin tail and mane; a rosy-faced doll peeping out of the paper that wrapped it, and upon which the eyes of its possessor were ever and anon turned with exquisite delight; a penny trumpet, blown every now and then, or a little box-organ, adorned with green and red flowers, that tinkled forth its chiming music to the admiration of every neighbouring group of little ones. Here was happiness indeed, and many a kind heart beside! But even beyond this—beyond the heart-and-soul enjoyment which all seemed to find in what surrounded them, was it a delight to me to observe the cordial greetings that passed between these country people; the long, hearty shakes of the hand, the loud-spoken welcome; the joy at some unexpected rencontre, the inquiries after this branch and that branch of the family: and, by the shade of sadness and the lowering of the voice that followed now and then a question, one could see that sorrow indeed was universal: there was some dear dead daughter to be deplored, or some prodigal son whose memory brought heart-ache and bitter tears.

I was carried away in fancy from this gay scene of bustle and country merriment to the homes where these sorrows and desolations had come—sweet seclusions of quietness and rural beauty—the small farm-house, the little picturesque mill in the valley, or the cottage under the wood, surrounded each with its garden, its orchard and its crofts, where poets might have fancied health and peace and innocence to be the dweller, but where, as those looks told me too surely, heart-ache and trouble had been, and left sad memories not lightly to be foregone.

The Gatherer.

Surrey Zoological Gardens.—Mr. Warwick, the indefatigable naturalist of this Establishment, arrived in the river on the 27th in an Austrian brig, chartered for the purpose of bringing home the collection of animals made by him in Egypt. Among them are three giraffes, one, the largest ever brought to this country, *standing fifteen feet in height.* A special firman from the Pacha was obtained for these animals to leave Egypt, as it is his intention not to allow any others to pass the frontiers. Three of the natives of Abyssinia accompany them as keepers, who are constantly with them, sleeping wrapped in their *bournoose*, or *blanket*, by their side. Mr. Warwick has also made a large collection of preserved specimens of the natural history of Egypt, including nearly two hundred different species of fish of the Nile and Mediterranean, shells, crustacea, &c., among which are many new and highly interesting objects to the naturalist.—The cranes, jerboas, camels, &c., are all well.

Slavery.—At Hoon, says Captain Lyon, a boy asked us many amusing questions about our future intentions, and was particularly anxious to know where we were going, and whether for the purpose of collecting slaves. We, of course, disclaimed any such intention, adding that, in our own country, we looked on slavery with horror. At this he expressed great contempt of us, exclaiming, "—— their fathers, the asses," a common oath among this people; "what are they made for but to serve us; go then and take them, for they are Kaffirs, and we cannot do without them." I mention this as a specimen of all the Arabs, who believe most religiously that the Negroes were only created for their service. — *Travels in Northern Africa.*

Epitaph on John Emery:—

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,—
Here lies John Emery, I trust;
And when the trump blows loud and louder,
He'll rise—a Box of Emery Powder.

Stothard.—One of his last great designs was for the frieze of the interior of the new palace, near the Park. The subjects are illustrative of the history of England; they principally relate to the wars of the White and Red Roses. The venerable artist was between seventy and eighty years old when he executed these; they possess all the spirit and vigour of imagination that had distinguished his best days. As a whole, there is not, perhaps, to be found a more interesting series of historical designs of any country in ancient or modern times. The drawings of this frieze ought to have been in the possession of the King, but they were sold at Christie's with the rest, on the decease of the painter; Mr. Rogers was the purchaser. — *Blackwood's Magazine.*

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LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—Agent in PARIS, G. W. M. REYNOLDS, French, English, and American Library, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin.— In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.